

In Recital
Casey Peden

with

Annette Feist, harpsichord

Jeff Faragher, cello

and

Guest Artist

Adam Wiebe, flute

Friday, April 20, 2001 at 8:00PM

Convocation Hall, Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Ohimè ch'io cado

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

All'ombra di sospetto

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Jubilet tota civitas
Exulta, filia Sion

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Intermission

Drei Italienische Kantaten
E partirai, mia vita?
Quel fior che all'alba ride

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Lovely Albina
Not all my torments
Fly swift, ye hours!
When first Amintas

Henry Purcell
(1659-1696)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters of Music degree for Ms Peden.

Ms Peden is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Graduate Award and a Harriet Snowball Winspear Graduate Fellowship in the Performing Arts.

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minaccioso,
quel dardo velenoso
vola a ferirmi il petto.
Bellezze, ond'io tutt'ardo
e son da me diviso,
piagatemi col sguardo,
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi, pupille
d'asprissimo rigore,
versatemi su'l core
un nembo di faville.
Ma'l labro non sia tardo
a ravvivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi
in fin ch'io venga meno!
E sa da vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso,
feriscano quei sguardi,
ma sanimi quel riso.

Ohimè ch'io cado

Ohimè! ch'io cado! Ohimè!
ch'inciampo ancora il piè
pur come pria,
e la sfiorita mia
caduta, speme
pur di novo rigar
con fresco lacrimar
or mi conviene.

Lasso del vecchio ardor
conosco l'orme ancor
dentro nel petto,
ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto

That glance [that smacks] of scorn
with its glare and its threat,
that poisoned dart
shoots out and wounds my chest
Beauty, which sets me on fire,
and tears me away from myself,
you wound me with your glance,
but you heal me with your smile

My pupils, put on your arms
of harshest severity,
shower on my heart
a cloud of sparks!
Let not your lips be late
to revive me, once dead!
Let your glance wound me,
but your smile heal me.

Beautiful eyes, to arms, to arms!
I prepare my bosom for you.
Take pleasure in wounding me
till I die!
If by your arrows
I remain vanquished,
let your glances wound me,
but your smile heal me.

Alas! I'm falling! Alas!
my foot stumbles
as it did before
and I must again water
my withered,
fallen hopes
with fresh tears.

Tired of my former passion,
I still recognize its traces
in my breast,
because a lovely face

Vedrò d'ombre in felici
e i guardi amati,
lo smalto adamantin
ond'armaro il meschin
pensier gelati.

Folle, credevo io pur
d'aver schermo sicur
da un nudo arciero!
E pur io sì guerriero
or son codardo,
ne voglio sostener
il colpo lusinghier
d'un solo sguardo!

O champion immortal,
sdegno come si fral
or fuge indietro!
Ah! sott'armi di vetro
m'hai condotto, infedel,
contro spada crudel
d'aspro diamante!

O come sa punir
tiranno amor l'ardir
d'alma rubella!
Una dolce favella,
un seren volto,
un vezzoso mirar
sogliono rilegar
un cor disciolto!

Occhi, occhi belli, ah! se fu
sempre bella virtù,
giusta pietate!
Deh! voi non mi negate
il guardo e il riso,
che mi sia la prigion
per sì bella cagion
il Paradiso!

I shall see the day, deprived of the
and cherished glances
have cracked the enamel
with which my frozen thoughts
protected my wretched heart.

I was foolish enough to believe
I had a sure defense
of a naked archer!
Indeed, I was such a warrior,
but now, I'm a coward,
I don't want to bear
the deceptive thrust
of a single glance!

Immortal hero!
I despise how such a fragile [lover]
now runs away!
Alas, through your glassy weapons,
you've led me on, faithless [lover]
against a diamond sword
sharp and cruel!

How well does tyrant love
know how to punish
the daring of a rebel soul!
A kind word,
a serene face,
a pleasant stare
are wont to bind
an unbound heart!

Eyes, beautiful eyes, Ah! If only
love were always kind
and compassion fair!
Ah! do not deny me
your glance and your smile,
because prison
for such a good cause
would be Paradise for me!

All'ombra di sospetto

All'ombra di sospetto
il mio costante affetto
perde alquanto la fede,
e a beltà lusinghiera
ei poco crede.

Avezzo no e il core,
Amar belta d'amore
ch'addolcisca il penar
con finiti vezzi.
Se lusinghiero è il dardo
ogni piacer è tardo
a fia che l'ardorar
per forza sprezzì,

O quanti amanti, o quanti
che fedeli, e costanti vegon delusi
da lusinghe accorte
d'amor fra le ritorte.
Più d'ogni un così langue,
e tante volte il sangue spargeria
per mostrar il vero amore.
Concetto dall'ardore di vezzosa
bellezza ch'ognor gli strugge
l'alma ed al suo affetto calma
mai spera di goder,
sin ch'ingannato viene amante
schernito, e ingannato.

Mentiti contenti
son veri tormenti
d'amante fedel.
Gran male è quel bene
son dardi quei guardi
che vibra per pene
bellezza crudel.

In the shadow of doubt
my constant love
loses its trust a little,
and goes after the flattery of beauty
but he barely believes in it.

The heart is not used
to love the beauty of love
which sweetens anguish
with fake charm.
If the dart is flattering
all enjoyment is delayed
to the point that his adoration
you are forced to despise,

How many lovers, how many
faithful and constant [lovers],
through complimentary flattery
become disillusioned of their love
by denials [of their beloved].
More than anyone else languishes
and so many times his blood
he would shed to show his love
His feeling comes from his passion
for grace and beauty, which all the
time wears out his soul,
and he never believes he can enjoy
his love in serenity; so much so
he's deceived, and he becomes a
lover scorned and deceived.

These happy lies
are the true torments
of a faithful lover.
A great evil is that good,
those looks are darts
that tremble in anguish
of cruel beauty.

Jubilet tota civitas

Jubilet tota civitas,
psallat nunc organis,
Mater Ecclesia Deo Aeterno,
quae Salvatori nostro gloriae
melos laetabunda canat!

Quae occasio cor tuum,
dilectissima Vigo, gaudio replet
tanta ilares et laeta nunti mihi.

Festum est hodiae Sancti gloriosi
coram Deo et hominibus
operatus est.

Quis est iste Sanctus
qui pro lege Dei
tam illustri vita
et insignis operationibus
usque ad mortem operatus est?

Est Sanctus!

O Sancte benedicte!

Dignus est certe
ut in eius laudibus semper
versentur fidelium linguae.

Jubilet tota civitas,
psallat nunc organis,
Mater Ecclesia Deo Aeterno,
quae Salvatori nostro gloriae
melos laetabunda canat!

Let all the city rejoice!
Now with organs let her chant!
Our Mother, the Church, to the
Eternal God and to the glory of
in all her joy sings hymns!

On this occasion, your heart is
full of joy, most beloved Virgin,
for you announce to me so many
happy and joyful events!

Today is the feast of a glorious qui
saint, who has labored before God
and before men.

Who is this saint
who [to observe] the law of God
[has lived] such a splendid life
and such outstanding works
until his death performed?

He is a Saint!

O blessed Saint!

He is certainly worthy
of the chants of the faithful
always raised in his praise.

Let all the city rejoice!
Now with organs let her chant!
Our Mother, the Church, to the
Eternal God and to the glory of
Our Savior in her joy sings hymns!

Exulta, filia Sion

Exulta, filia Sion,
lauda, filia Hierusalem,
lauda, filia Sion!

Rejoice, daughter of Sion,
praise, daughter of Jerusalem,
praise, daughter of Sion!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce
mundi salvator venit!

Look! Your holy King, look!
The Savior of the world is coming!

Omes gentes plaudite manibus!
Jubilare Deo in voce
exultationis! Laetentur caeli!

Clap your hands, all you people!
Shout for joy before God in a voice
of triumph! Let heaven rejoice!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce
mundi salvator venit!

Look! Your holy King, look!
The Savior of the world is coming!

Exultet terra in voce exultationis,
quia consolatus est Dominus
populum suum, redemit
Hierusalem!

Let the earth leap in joy and shout
in triumph, for the Lord has
comforted his people and redeemed
Jerusalem!

Ecce rex tuus sanctus, ecce
mundi salvator venit!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Look! Your holy King, look!
The Savior of the world is coming!
Alleluia! Alleluia!

E partirai, mia vita?

E partirai, mia vita?
Ne in quel del tuo partir
crudo momento farà l'anima
mia da me partita?
Ah! se un duro tormento
nel ripensarvi sol quasi m'uccide,
Che farà quel dolore,
che allora (ohimè) per gli occhi
miei con tutti gli strali suoi mi
scenierà sul core?

And will you leave me, oh my life?
And will not my soul leave me
in that cruel moment of your
departing?
Ah! If thinking of its almost kills
me with a harsh torment,
what will be the effect of that grief
which (alas) will pierce my eyes
and fall on my heart with all its
darts?

Vedrò teco ogni gioia, ogni bene,
da me lunge rivolgere il piè.
E gli affanni, gli strazzi, le pene,
tutti insieme restarsi con me.

I shall see all joy, all pleasure, go
with you far away from me.
And grief, torture and pain remain
all together with me.

privo de'lumi tuoi cingersi il
giorno, scorgerò d'ogni intorno
aggirarmisi orror mestizia
e pianto. E congiurati in tanto
un desir disperato ed un sovra
d'ogn'altro aspromartire
ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto
faranno il mio morir
più che morire.

Pria che spunti un sì fiero
togli a me la vita o Amor
Onde men l'anima afflitta,
nè dal duol tanto trafitta,
nel da lui preso sentiero
possa gir dietro al suo cor.

Quel fior, che all'alba ride

Quel fior, che all'alba ride
il sole poi l'uccide
e tomba hà nella sera.
E un fior la vita ancora.
L'ocaso hà nell'aurora
e perde in un sol dì la primavera.

light of your eyes, plunged into
unhappy shadows, I shall see
myself surrounded on all sides by
horror, sadness and tears, and
meanwhile, desperate desire and
suffering more bitter than any
because a lovely face
other will conspire to make my
dying worse than death.

Before such a dreadful day dawns
take my life, O God of Love
so that my soul, less afflicted,
and not so pierced with grief,
may go after my heart along
the path it has taken.

That flower which smiles at dawn
is later killed by the sun,
and finds its grave in the evening.
Life too is a flower
Its sunset is already there in its
dawn and loses its spring in a
single day.

Lovely Albina

Lovely Albina, come ashore
To enter her just claim
Ten times more charming than before
To her immortal fame.
The Belgic lion, as he's brave.
This beauty will relieve
For nothing but a mean blind slave
Can live and let her grieve.

Not All My Torments

Not all my torments can your pity move
Your scorn increased with my love.
Yet to the grave I will my sorrows bear,
I love, tho' I despair.

Fly Swift, Ye Hours

Fly swift, ye hours, make haste, make haste
Fly swift, thou lazy, lazy sun.
Make haste, and drive the tedious minutes on.
Bring back my Belvidera to my sight,
My Belvidera, than thyself more bright.
Make haste, bring back my Belvidera to my sight.
Swifter than time my eager wishes move,
And scorn the beaten paths of vulgar love.
Soft peace is banished from my tortured breast,
Love robs my days of ease, my nights of rest.
Yet tho' her cruel scorn provokes despair,
My passion still is strong as she is fair
Still must I love, still bless the pleasing pain
Still court my ruin, and embrace my chain.

When First Amintas

When first Amintas su'd for a kiss,
My innocent heart was tender,
That tho' I pushed him away from the bliss,
My eyes declared my heart was won.
I fain an artful coyness would use,
Before I the fort did surrender,
But love would suffer no more such abuse,
And soon, alas! my cheat was known.
He'd sit all day and laugh and play,
a thousand pretty things would say;
My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees
Till further on he got by degrees.

My heat just like a vessel at sea,
would toss when Amintas came near me.
But ah! so cunning a pilot was he,
through doubts and fears he'd still sail on.
I thought in him no danger could be,
so wisely he knew how to steer me.
But soon, alas! was brought to agree,
to taste of joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain not lost,
for soon he found the golden coast,
Enjoy'd the ore, and touched the shore,
Where never merchant went before!

THE FIRST OF THE MONTH

By dawn, with the sun low in the east,
The wind, a soft, warm breeze, came from the east,
And the air was full of the sweet, soft sound
Of the birds, who were singing in the trees.
The sun was low in the west, and the light
Was soft and warm, and the air was sweet,
And the birds were singing in the trees,
And the wind was a soft, warm breeze,
And the air was full of the sweet, soft sound
Of the birds, who were singing in the trees.
The sun was low in the west, and the light
Was soft and warm, and the air was sweet,
And the birds were singing in the trees,
And the wind was a soft, warm breeze,
And the air was full of the sweet, soft sound
Of the birds, who were singing in the trees.

THE SECOND OF THE MONTH

The sun was low in the west, and the light
Was soft and warm, and the air was sweet,
And the birds were singing in the trees,
And the wind was a soft, warm breeze,
And the air was full of the sweet, soft sound
Of the birds, who were singing in the trees.
The sun was low in the west, and the light
Was soft and warm, and the air was sweet,
And the birds were singing in the trees,
And the wind was a soft, warm breeze,
And the air was full of the sweet, soft sound
Of the birds, who were singing in the trees.

The sun was low in the west, and the light
Was soft and warm, and the air was sweet,
And the birds were singing in the trees,
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